

# The Barking Barber :

Or, New Bow Wow Wow.



48.

10.

14.

33.

YE gents. give ear to me, I pray, I am a barking barber,  
The best accommodations have, keen razors and hot lather;  
Pray walk into my noted shop, I shave as clean as any,  
And when I've done it to your mind, will charge you but a penny.  
Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; bow, wow, wow, wow.

Ye ragged pates, your hair I'll crop, and dress it vastly pretty;  
Or if your blocks are bare, walk in, I warrant I can fit ye  
With bag, or queue, or long pig-tail, or bushy wig, or grizzled,  
So well bepowder'd, clean and white, and eke so nicely frizzled.

My shop well furnish'd out with blocks, becomes an exhibition  
Of heads of every age and kind, and every condition;  
A Lawyer's head without a quirk, without chicane a Proctor's;  
A Lady's head without a tongue, without a nostrum Doctor's.

A Poet's head without a rhyme, a Wit's too without punning;  
Without a crotchet, Fidler's head, a Jockey's without cunning;  
A Cuckold's head devoid of horns, his wife's without invention;  
A Barber's head without his brains, and others I cou'd mention.

And let none of the wicked Wits despise my occupation,  
The greater always shave the less, in every rank and station;  
The rich will ever shave the poor, the Minister, an't please ye,  
Well lathers you with promises, then shaves you mighty easy.

And shavers keen I trow there are of every profession;  
But pardon now, my customers, this whimsical digression,  
And walk into my noted shop, I shave as clean as any,  
And when I've done it to your mind, will charge you but a penny.